Boston, Oct. 20, 1837.

My dear George:

I proffer you a thousand congratulations upon the birth of your dear babe, and especially as the child proves to be a son. Not that I am in the slightest degree prejudiced against the female sex; not that I am a heretic, or an infidel, as to the equality of our race, as you very well know; but as your first was a girl, why should I not be glad that your second is a boy? May he be a better man than his father! Don't sue me for constructive defamation, now! Don't remind me of the "clerical" assertion, that "insinuation is the meanest and vilest form of lying"! I repeat the wish — May he be a better man than his father!

With regard to his name. I know it is difficult to decide between the predilections of filial love and brotherly attachment; but I think there is a bona fide promise, which was made to your venerated father, that remains to be performed — viz. to call your next babe, if a boy, George Benson. You recollect, of course, how we compromised matters with regard to George Thompson Garrison: it was evident that nothing reconciled father to the change of name but the promise you gave him that you would, if it should ever be in your power, perpetuate the worthy name by which he was called. Besides — I am so anti-Malthusian as to hope that this is not the only son you are to have. Let your next, then, bear dear Henry's name in full — thus father and brother will be exactly perpetuated in the memory of other generations. Of course, you will give no heed to this suggestion, unless it is agreeable to all.

[Helen jogs my elbow, at this point, and intimates, should heaven be so kind as to give us another son, he shall be called after the name of our precious, departed Henry. Sufficient unto the day, &c.]

In congratulating you, I of course mean to congratulate Catharine also. Happy couple! If you love such "little responsibilities" half as well as I do, your hearts must have thrilled with pleasure and gratitude at the baby-advent. May the son be a better man than his father! And I might add, perhaps, if I were in the Emerald Isle, a better <u>man</u> than his <u>mother!</u>

At this sedate and instructive season of the year, now that the frost is in the sere and yellow leaf, and a suspension of rivalry has taken place between Summer and Winter, I very much desire to be with you in Brooklyn, not with my editorial pack upon my back, but emancipated like Bunyan's pilgrim, with a light, elastic step, a smiling countenance, a bright eye, ready for some adventure, but divested of all quixotism and romance. How does the big oak tree look now? Has not the glory departed from the majestic elms in front of Judge R's? But I know that the costume of Nature, though changed entirely, is still beautiful. Look at the trees! What painter is like unto Jack Frost? How delicate is his coloring! How he excels in perspective! — — But he will pinch my nose, by and by — why then should I praise him? To show my magnanimity, certainly.

Truly, there is but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous — from pathos to bathos — from what is true to what is false. Hence I descend to the clerical appeal. Was ever treachery so signally punished as in the case of the signers of that unfortunate document? What an avalanche of condemnation has fallen upon their heads, grinding them to powder? What expressions of regard for the Liberator and its editor have been extorted by their conduct? But the conspiracy is not

wholly quelled, as you will perceive by the attempt of Dea. Gulliver to get up a separate organization. The clergy (meaning the colonization and union portion of them, together with such deserters as Fitch, Towne and Woodbury,) are very busily engaged in holding caucusses, corresponding with each other, and laying plots to carry their point against us. Here is a tremendous accumulation of power in their hands, and they are able to wield it with great effect; but, happily, the charm of their infallibility is dispelled, and the people are beginning to see that they may refuse to kiss their feet, and yet obtain salvation. I do not mean, needlessly, to protract the controversy that is now going on; but it is really of great service to our cause to publish the proceedings of anti-slavery societies, condemnatory of the Appeal, and in favor of the Liberator. There are a great many encomiums heaped upon me, which are altogether unmerited, but they are useful in refuting the charge that I am growing unpopular with the abolitionists. If my enemies don't wish to see me praised, let them cease attacking me.

It is not my intention, at present, to alter either the general character or course of the Liberator. My work in the anti-slavery cause is not wholly done: as soon as it is, I shall know it, and shall be prepared, I trust, to enter upon a mightier work of reform. The cause must be kept in the hands of laymen, or it will not be maintained.

Bro. May's visit to Brooklyn must have been as refreshing to you all as Spring itself. Lovely man! where shall we find his superior in all that is amiable, disinterested, pure and good? We expect him in this city next week.

George Thompson is in vigorous health — a stout, noisy, rampant boy — but his foot, alas! remains in a bad condition. Dear Helen is in fine spirits, and accompanies me in expressions of the purest love and strongest attachment to all the household.

Your loving brother, Wm. Lloyd Garrison.

N.B. Hope you will not fail to attend the State meeting in Providence.

Single.

PAID

Mr. George W. Benson,

Brooklyn,

Connecticut.